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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MOENA,

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY

THOMAS S. DONOHO.

Oh! mes amis, rappelez vous quelquefois mes vers; mon ame y est empriente.—*Corinne.*

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Moena,	5
Three Miniatures,	22
The Ocean Isle,	24
First Love,	26
The Maiden's Death,	27
Ella,	30
The Album,	31
The Wanderer,	32
Ninona,	35
The Two Lakes,	54
To Mary,	57
Elegy on the death of James Hoban, Esq.,	58
Evening,	60
The Musical Clock,	61
The Poet's Duty,	64
Epithalamium,	67
Anna,	68
A Burial in the Wilderness,	70
The Stranger,	71
Passing Away,	73
Erin,	74
On the death of Charles Strahan,	91
Morning Prayer,	92

	Page.
Death of the Bride,	93
"Love, still love,"	94
Canzonet,	95
Joy and Grief of a Mother's Love,	97
Elegy,	99
The Fireman,	100
The Cathedral, Baltimore,	104
Farewell,	105
The Inconstant,	107
Upward,	118
Green Mount Cemetery,	119
Estelle,	121
Seeming,	122
Advice to Lovers,	123
The Triumph of Time,	127
My Bonny Lass,	129
Love Revealed,	130
Music,	131
Mary's Death,	132
The Sycamore,	133
Past and Present	134
Inez,	136

SONNETS.

I.	The Lover,	137
II.	My Mother,	138
III.	"I Love Thee,"	139
IV.	The Departure,	140
V.	My Sister,	141
VI.	The Poor,	142
VII.	"The Dark and Stormy Days,"	143
VIII.	"One Year Ago,"	144

POEMS.

MOENA.*

I.

'ALBION, farewell! I grieve to part from thee,
Thou scene of many a bright, immortal deed:
My honored birth-place! Ever shalt thou be
Dear to my bosom, though my bosom bleed,
And loved forever, though afar I roam,
As erst in happy days, sweet island-home!

'But now thy cliffs, thy snowy cliffs, retire,
The waves roll round me,—Albion, fare thee well!'
Hark a low voice:—'Oh, weep no more, my sire;
Though in a distant stranger-land we dwell,
Is not MOENA with thee, constant still,
To welcome peace, and cheer the night of ill?'

* The principal events of this tale are true.

Her head reclines upon her father's breast,
Her dark, full eyes, up-raised in tenderness,—
Her pure lips tremble yet with love confessed,
And sacred hope! The zephyr's gay caress
Steals o'er her crimson cheek, and bosom fair,
And waves her graceful locks of raven hair.

Her delicate white arms are clasped around
His drooping neck:—and silent thus they stood,
While bravely on, and with majestic bound,
The bark, triumphant, dashed the glittering flood;
And soon the misty land was seen no more,
And the wild ocean tossed without a shore!

But never yet was a gloomy night,
That yielded not to the roseate light;
And never was storm, though dark and dread,
Unconquered by the sun;
And thus the grief of the wanderers fled,
Thus happily came the smile instead,
Ere the foreign land was won!

Gibraltar! the waves around thee roll,
And thy rocky shores assail,
But thou, like a chief of noble soul,
All armed in peerless mail,
Frownest upon their petty pride,
And dost repulse them, and deride!

The sail is furled, the anchor cast,
Her sire—MOENA—stand at last
Upon the sunny coast;
And now their sorrowing thoughts again
Traverse the billows of the main,
Exploring scenes of joy, or pain,
And all they loved the most!

II.

'TWAS dewy morning of a summer day,
The joyous birds sang sweetly in the trees,
The brook made music on its winding way,
And distant, o'er the anthem of the breeze,
Was heard the roaring of the restless seas:
Clouds hovered yet around the mountain height,
But all the valley glowed with blissful light!

MOENA rambled forth alone,
Slowly o'er the rising ground,
Pleased to hear the zephyr's tone,
And a sympathy to own
With the melodies around.
Every modest little flower,
That only blooms the morning hour,
Every blade of waving grass,
By her spangled path appearing,
E'en the rocks, where she may pass,

Rude their mossy forms up-rearing—
All, animate, inanimate,
Glad thoughts within her soul create,
And teach it to aspire to Him,
Enthroned amid the seraphim!

How beautiful the maiden stood,
In rapt and meditative mood,
Lone by the border of the wood!
MOENA, ever lovely thou,
But passing fair and heavenly now!
Thine eyes up-raised, with look intent,
Thy silent lips—how eloquent!
The heaving of thy snowy breast,
Like waves that undulate to rest,
Now less and less perceptible,
Until, at last, they cease to swell.

Again she viewed the pleasing scene,
And sweetly beams the dimpled smile;—
But lo! there hath a gazer been,
Though unobserved the while—
Reclining on the downy green,
A handsome, gallant youth, I ween.

'Twas plain he had been roaming too,—
His feet were spangled o'er with dew,
And on his garments, here and there,

Was many a tiny crystal sphere,
Which from amid the wood he brought,
Perchance as early flowers he sought.
His light guitar was by his side,
His sole companion, hope, and pride—
With roses wild, and jasmine sweet,
Strewn, drooping, near his weary feet.

MOENA now beheld the youth,
And saw his look of tender truth,
Mingled with wonder, joy, and doubt;
Could aught be ill, so fair without?
No, no! then wherefore should she fly?
She stood—her glance met answering eye,
Fond sympathy met sympathy;
  Love reigned in either heart!
It seemed that Cupid's archery
  Had played a double part!

Smile not, dear Sister, if to thee
My story *story* seem to be,
  For oh, 'tis very true:
And I so many times have known
Affection instant find its own,
  'Tis noonday to my view,
That heart to kindred heart is given,
By God's decree, in yonder heaven.

The youth up-rose, and forward came:—
'Fair stranger, 'Lionel' my name,
And will it please thee tell me thine?'
She blushed—and sighed—'MOENA, mine.'
'A pretty name!' said Lionel,
'The sound doth please me passing well—
It seems but formed for poesie,
It is so sweet and silvery!'
The gentle maiden blushed again,
And sighed with very pleasant pain,
And bent her gaze upon the ground,
As if she suddenly had found
Something exceeding wondrous there,
Deserving of the nicest care;
Or else she seemed intent to know
How many blades of grass may grow
In four square yards, and each to tell—
But well she listened Lionel!
'And thou hast been to gather flowers,
From old dame Nature's dewy bowers?
And so have I—pray let me see
How kind our lady is to thee.'
MOENA smiled, and offered them,
Full many a bright and living gem,
And Lionel, with graceful mien,
Said, aught so fair had never been!
While she declared, with bashful air,
'Forsooth, *his* flowers *were still more fair!*'

And thus each praised the other's flower,
And spoke sweet words I will not speak,
Because their blissful, magic power
Depends on eyes, and blushing cheek,
And manner of the time, and tone—
So, Mary, they shall rest unknown!

But this I'll tell thee, Sister mine—
And such a case may soon be thine,
Then listen to the tale!
'Twas near the noonday ere they thought
Of home—of parting—or of aught
Beyond that pleasant vale!

'MOENA, wilt thou this receive—
A modest flower—before we leave
This dear, secluded spot?
Thanks, maiden—*friend;* now fare thee well!'
'Adieu! be happy, Lionel!—
Oh, sweet 'forget-me-not!'

III.

How beautiful the silent noon of night,
When shines the moon so placidly afar,
And o'er the sleeping world descends her light,
With the mysterious rays of many a star,
Resting on vale, and mount, and solemn wood,
Or dancing with the waves along the flood!

Calm night! thy stillness brings no fear to me,
  Albeit tales of eld, and dim romance,
Were told my ardent breast in infancy—
  Of wandering spectres, and the witches' dance,
The stealthy wretch, the horrid deed of crime,
And all the terrors of thy awful time!

Ah, no! for I have ever loved thy gloom,
  To gaze, alone, upon thy quiet sky,
To speak with sages dwelling in the tomb,
  And hold high converse with my destiny,
To gather fancy's flowers, then fairest seen,
And weave a crown, to tell that I have been.

And so, meseemeth, 'twas with Lionel—
  Yes, once it was; but, at the time I sing,
If truth the legends of the lover tell,
  I'faith it was a very different thing;
For neither cared he for the wisest men,
Nor quiet sky, nor flowers of fancy then!

MOENA was the book he loved to read;
  MOENA was the heaven to gaze upon;
MOENA was his hope; his fear, indeed;
  MOENA was his destiny—or none.
MOENA was his flower of poesie;
MOENA was—his immortality!

But now, beneath the summer moon,
He wanders forth alone;
And hark, upon the pensive noon,
A low and silvery tone!
And listen to the deeper sound,
That charms the perfumed air around.
'Tis Lionel!—he sings to her
The praises of a worshipper;
And nature, silent, will not mar
The lover's voice and sweet guitar.

THE SERENADE.

No clouds arise to-night,
And the moon and stars are bright,
Ladye mine!
The pretty scene the while
Hath assumed a gentle smile,
Like to thine!
Though both the land and main
Confess their efforts vain,
Thy passing charms to gain,
Ladye mine!

Oh, may the future be
As this holy night to thee,
Ladye mine!
Serene, and breathing love,

Till thy noble heart shall prove
Bliss divine!
And may thy Lionel
In thy memory ever dwell!
Sweet slumber! Fare thee well,
Ladye mine!

The song of love was scarcely over,
When from MOENA's window came
A rose, glad tribute to the lover,
To thank him in its mistress' name;
And, too, a lily hand was seen
A moment through the opening screen.

He joyed to see the flower appear,
But grieved the hand so soon was gone;
Then many a smile, perchance a tear,
Expressed how very welcome here
The rose his singing won.
He kissed it, and the giver blessed,
Again, and wished her pleasant rest,
Once more, and placed it on his breast.

'Twere long to tell each graceful thought
Fond fairies to my hero brought,
Through all the stilly night,
For many a bower, and vale, and stream,
And smile angelic, filled his dream

With deep and pure delight:—
Perchance like fantasies arose
In fair MOENA's calm repose,
But sooth I cannot say.
Though, may it please thee, gentle Sis,
I'm very certain yet of this—
'Twas open, sunny day
Before the maiden woke from sleep,
Which proves it pleasant, dreaming, deep—
And even then her lips express
The smile of mental happiness,
And even then her bonny eyes
Did seem to speak of prophecies,
Some spirit, in the recent rest,
Sweet whispered her confiding breast.

IV.

DOST thou remember, Mary, when, with pride,
That pride the minstrel cannot choose but prove,
An hour ago I called thee to my side,
To list a tale of Lionel and love,
How thou did'st pout thy ruby lips, and say:
'Well, sing thy song,—make haste, I must away.'

And I began, and now and then I heard
Impatient tapping of thy fairy feet,
And ever and anon a weary word;

And then thy fingers *reveillé* would beat:—
But since . . . . . I've heard thee sigh, and seen thee
smile:
What means so great a change, such little while?

Ha, ha! the blush—by all the Nine, a blush!
Methinks I comprehend the reason now!
Well, let them pass, the question and the flush,
And I'll sing on, for willing hearest thou:
The strain hath been a crystal summer flood,
But now it rolleth dark with wo and blood.

Alone MOENA's sire, pale Mortimer,
Stood in his princely home, with down-cast eye,
And spoke abstractedly awhile of her,
Then frowned—then looked to see that none was
nigh;
For evil mind doth ever fear a spy:
Anon he slowly paced the sounding floor,
And now he murmured 'Lionel,' and swore.

'*He* wed MOENA! he, the slavish youth!
The friend of Luther is my mortal foe!
He says that he is gentle, rich, forsooth!
What to MOENA this, if this be so?
I, too, have gold:—again I answer—no!
Nor prayer, nor bribe, shall e'er prevail with me!
The true Religion with the true shall be!'

Curs'd Bigotry! Oh, Superstition curs'd!
How hateful are ye both, ye fiends of night!
Why may not man your hellish fetters burst?
Why may he not behold the perfect light?
Ye keep him in the wrong, but speak of right!
Ye spread around his heart eternal strife,
Embitter this, and damn the future life!

Moena now before her sire appears,
And Lionel hath entered silently.
The maiden supplicates with vows and tears,
And owns her love—and still her love must be
Constant and pure as Heaven's eternity!
'My father! see me prostrate at thy feet—
Oh, let me not in vain this boon entreat!

'Have I not ever been a faithful child?
Has Lionel deceived, or acted ill?
Turn not away! but be thou reconciled,
And oh, thy daughter shall be happy still!
Lo! even he implores my father's will!
Then let the tears no longer drown our eyes,
Smile on our love, and bid thy children rise!'

'Never! Now the word is spoken!
And the oath may not be broken,
Which to Heaven I swear;

Lionel shall ne'er be thine!
Cursed of a cursed line!
How his fathers tortured mine—
But let *him* beware!'

Moena rose—she stood—the tear
Was gone, and fled the trembling fear,
And deeper was the dye
That spread upon her quivering cheek,
And oh, the lightning seemed to speak
The passion of her eye!
'My father! thou art dear to me,
And Lionel I love:
I disregard thy stern decree,
And rather would I prove
Thy anger, and the fiercest ill
Of man or fiend's tyrannic skill,
Than from my purpose move!
Would'st thou control the human heart,
Command its holy love depart,
Or teach it where remain?
This doth defy thy mortal art,
And mine doth scorn the chain!'

'Moena!' Mortimer replied,
'My hand shall with thy blood be dyed,
Ere thou become yon traitor's bride!'

V.

Two days have passed. What mean those fearful cries,
That issue from the cave? They seem the tone
Of one who suffers mortal agonies—
The piercing shriek, the deep and deadly groan:
And many pause, and listen to the sound,
While others, timid, gather, whispering, round.

'Mayhap,' says one, 'it is a spirit there,
The spirit of the lately murdered man!'
'Yes,' the reply, 'I would be bold to swear
'Tis Bertram's ghost! for sure there's nothing can
Resemble more his dying cry, which seemed—
Ah, me! how awfully the phantom screamed!

'Let us go home! Or shall we seek the priest?
Or shall we' —— 'Silence! I divine the reason—
Where is MOENA? * * *

'We know young Lionel MOENA loved,
And Mortimer refused her as a wife;
Still the fair girl in purpose was unmoved—
Mayhap the father hath destroyed her life!
Lest him she wed—a sanguinary grave:
Come, let us hasten! To the cave! the cave!'

Blood along the rugged floor—
The maiden's hair, with clotted gore—
The 'broidered scarf the maiden wore!

Mortimer was doomed to die,
The murderer of his child!
The day arrived, the hour was nigh,
Yet ever would the captive cry,
With voice and manner wild:
'Oh, God! to whom the heart is known,
I swear before thy awful throne,
I have not done this deed!
And yet I die the death of shame,
And leave a dark, reproachful name
Forever to succeed!'

Slow tolls the bell! The fatal hour is come,
And silent crowds await the deadly sight.
Weeping and trembling moves the man of doom,
Like a lost traveller in a gloomy night.
And now he stands upon the scaffold's height:
Below, with folded arms, is Lionel,
Whose eyes upon the ground intently dwell.

And Mortimer observed the youth, and spoke:
'My friend,—a moment, and I shall not be
A denizen of earth! One swift, sharp stroke—
My spirit plunges in eternity!

But I would die in peace with men—with thee!
Farewell! thy voice hath sentenced me to death,
Still I forgive thee with my latest breath.'

The cheek of Lionel grew instant pale,
And downward, hastily, his gaze was cast;
His lips, compressed, yet told a fearful tale
Of struggling thoughts, arising fierce and fast:
Now, Mortimer, thine eyes have looked their last;
The axe is ready, and the headsman nigh—
But hark, a voice: ''Tis I, and only I!'

Yes, Lionel was guilty; he alone!
Revenge had moved him, for the parent's hate:
MOENA, willingly, with him had flown—
She was his bride, unconscious of the fate
Her lord intended should her sire await:
And in concealment distantly she dwelt,
Nor dreamed the grief her guiltless parent felt.

While placidly she slept, at midnight time,
He softly stole a ringlet of her hair,
And this, to imitate the crimson crime,
In lamb's blood bathed. Her scarf, embroidered fair,
With all a maiden's vanity and care,
He sprinkled o'er, and sought the cave alone;
And then, dread evidence! a shriek! a groan!

But the free pardon Mortimer bestowed,
Awoke remorse in Lionel, until
His bosom with the warmth of friendship glowed,
And he could not pursue intended ill:
The headsman stood attentively and still:
The story told, he turned, unveiled the head
Of Mortimer,—and found him cold and dead!

A scream of horror! Lionel
Was 'prisoned in the murderer's cell!

Moena heard the woful tale;
Her eye was dim, her cheek was pale;
Tears came, and then a painful smile!—
Her grave is 'neath the convent aisle!

THREE MINIATURES.

Three little girls beneath my window play,
At early morn, and rosy eve of day,
And then, whatever cares disturb my breast,
Their mirth enchants, and all is joy and rest!
There's one, with raven tresses flowing free,

And large dark eyes, that beam right merrily,
And cheeks so ruddy with the healthful glow,
And cherry lips, and arms of virgin snow.
Her laughing voice is loudest of them all,
More full, and passionate, and musical—
And she is first to lead the tripping dance,
And first in mischief's soft and slow advance;
Forever breathing wit, and infant song,
And still the empress of the fairy throng!

There is another, pale, and younger yet,
Most beautiful!—and oft our eyes have met,
And I have fancied her's, of gentle blue,
Proclaimed the spirit of the chosen few,
A spirit that shall soar above the rest,
An angel, ever blessing, ever blest!
Less playful, she would sometimes pause, and be
Lost in a strange and wayward poesie,
Which her own mind hath formed; but soon again
Her playmates come—and all the dream is vain.

The last of these—the very least,—but one
Whom it is happiness to gaze upon,
A chubby, restless, ever-laughing girl,
With auburn hair, that falls in many a curl,
And sweet full lips, that very often pout,
But not with anger:—I have little doubt
They do express the long-accustomed wile

To win again her parents' passing smile;
For who could see the pretty maiden sad,
Nor grant one kiss—when one would make her glad!

THE OCEAN ISLE.

Long roamed the bark the deep blue sea,
In sunny day and starry night,
But every hour appeared to be
A cloud to chase away delight;
For only billows rose around—
Nor tree, nor flower, nor verdant ground!

I thought upon my early home,
The valley, and the leafy grove;
I sighed that fortune bade me roam
From scenes of friendship, joy and love;
Then on the bosom of the main,
My tears fell fast, like summer rain.

And yet methought my heart the less
Would tremble for the loss of these,
If, in its fragrant loveliness,

An Isle arose amid the seas;
And if upon the silent shore
My longing eyes could gaze once more!

'Land ho! land ho!'—'What mean those cries?
Though harsh and loud the sailor voice,
To me it seemeth of the skies,
And bids my ardent soul rejoice!
But where the land? oh, tell me where?'
'See yonder purple cloud—'tis there!'

The breeze returned, the sail the while
Expanding, bore away the bark,
And soon the lovely Ocean Isle
Rose brightly o'er the waters dark,
With tree and rock, green vale and hill,
And flowery mead, and merry rill!

It stood alone amid the wild,
A dwelling for the sea-bird only,
And sweet the isle of beauty smiled,
And cheered the waste of waters lonely;
For never cruel man had been
A rover o'er its happy green.

Oh, may that Isle of Ocean ne'er
By human foot profane be trod,
But free, unstained remain fore'er

As sinless Paradise of God;
And to the wanderer of the sea
A joy and hope still may it be!

My bark departs, and fade away
The glowing beauties of the shore,
And now retires the crimson day;
And now I see the land no more—
No more! but ever with a smile
I think upon the Ocean Isle!

FIRST LOVE.

There slumbers in the virgin heart a fire,
Which many, many days may rest concealed,
But, with a tone, a sigh, it will aspire
In bright and holy flame! Ah, then revealed
Are all its angel visitants, so fair
In magic peerlessness—for love is there!

Swift pass away dreams, passions, hopes and fears,
And all that dwelt therein, few moons ago,
Dissolving all alike in rain of tears,
O'er which young Cupid spans his glittering bow,
And points, with lily finger, through the shower,
To distant scenes—a feast, a dance, a bower!

THE MAIDEN'S DEATH

In the spring of her life,
When her heart beat high,
And the dawn of love
Illumed her eye,
And she heard a voice
Of tender tone,
That gave a bliss,
Before unknown,
Till the bright green earth,
And the mellow skies,
Were robed in fairer
And softer dyes:
Then, even then,
In her beauty's bloom,
She faded, and passed
To the darksome tomb!

Alas for him
Whose youthful breast
Sweet smiling Hope
So long possessed;

Who loved so well,
And thought to share
Full many a joy
With the blushing fair—
Her music voice
To cheer him still,
'Mid the rocks and clouds
Of a world of ill:
His heart was crushed,
And his eye was dim,
And he stood alone—
Alas for him!

The mother gazed
On her pale, cold child;
But the girl was calm—
In death she smiled!
And the aged hands
Were clasped in prayer,
And she looked to Heaven,
For the lost was there!

The father came,
With a tear on his cheek;
He saw, and he trembled—
He could not speak!
Oh! wild were the thoughts
That flashed o'er his brain,

As the youth of his loved-one
Rose again!
Her sweet, sweet laugh,
In the bounding play—
Her coming to meet him,
At close of day,
With a tripping step,
And her arms spread wide,
And a face of love,
And joy and pride!
But her innocent life,
So brief, is o'er;
And the father turned—
He could look no more!

Oh, we could not bear
A scene of death,
If we deemed the last
The parting breath;
If we deemed forever,
From every eye,
The form and the soul
At once would die!
Despair may frown,
But Faith will rise,
And smiling point
To the happy skies,

And fondly whisper:
'She lives again!
And those who seek
Shall not seek in vain!'

ELLA.

Thou to whom my heart was given,
Free and glad in sunny youth—
Thou from whom my heart was riven,
Warm, the while, with tender truth—

Thou shalt feel my solemn numbers
Ever haunt thy guilty breast,
Shrouding day, and chasing slumbers
Nightly from thy couch of rest!

Pride may triumph now o'er sadness,
Now thine azure eyes may frown;
But thy soul will rave with madness,
Rave, and sink, despairing, down!

Who can give thee back the brightness,
Wild, and beautiful, and free—
Smile of love, and step of lightness,
Once an angel's gift to thee?

Never, never more returning,
Hope and Love are drooping now,
While thy brain, incessant burning,
Tells the cause of anguish—thou!

Go! thy fearful doom is spoken,
Words, and sighs, and tears are vain:
Once her vow of honor broken,
Who would prize the maid again!

THE ALBUM.

Thou frowning Critic, bend not here thy frown,
For on these pages Love and Friendship write,
And though the verse proud Genius may disown,
Than his creations less divinely bright,
Yet Critic, view it not with withering sight:
The hand of Truth inscribed each artless line,
To form a tribute for Affection's shrine.

And they are dear, ah! very dear, to me,
These silent messengers from heart to heart,
Recalling, in the charm of poesie,
Fond early thoughts! When many days depart,
How will the smile appear, the tear-drop start,
As I peruse the varied pages o'er,
And speak with friends I may behold no more!

THE WANDERER.

Hail, virgin day! Hail, mountain mist, to thee,
Rising so graceful from the dewy ground!
Morn and the cloud! ye do recall to me
A being whom the Queen of Beauty crowned
As fairest of the fair, while stood around
The virtues, emulous to give the maid
The graces of the soul, that never fade.

But e'en as happy day a little while,
Only a little while in beauty blooms,
Then hastens in some other land to smile:

So, Ella, thou, on glittering seraph plumes,
Didst wing thy flight beyond the vale of tombs!
And as the morning mist doth graceful rise,
So didst thou mingle with thy native skies!

And thou art gone, my first, my only love!
And I shall hear thy soothing voice no more!
'No more?' Ah, yes! for, though it dwell above,
'Tis present everywhere! Amid the roar
Of tossing waters—on the sounding shore—
The dreary desert—are its tones; and when
I roam the busy mart, I hear them then!

And I will see thee too, I know—I know;
For there 's a whisper in my sighing breast,
Which tells me that anon it shall be so,
And I will share thy Heaven of joy and rest!
I care not when, or where, or how, if blest,
My life may close; and yet, methinks, I fain
Would die upon the bosom of the main!

Oh! when the tempest howls along the deep,
When rude the thunder, and the lightning free,
And the wild waves awake—I'd sink to sleep,
Calm as an Autumn day; and none for me
Should weep with sorrow, for each tear would be
A pang unto my spirit: thus unknown
To pass away, the pain were mine alone!

Yes, I would die upon the stormy wave,
And o'er contending elements, my soul
Should soar to God—my body find a grave
Deep in the mighty waters! Let them roll
Ever above me, and from pole to pole
Sing a funereal song! And there should be
Not one to seek my tomb, and weep for me!

How strange and wayward is the course of thought!
I wandered forth to view my former home,
And morn and mist the charms of Ella brought
To memory, as before I learned to roam—
And these her death—and death the ocean foam,
Where I would cease to live—but they shall pass:
I came in search of peace: alas! alas!

NINONA.

I.

The smiling Nopah-keon still
Reclined beside the playful rill;
But waving grass, and forest dim,
And flower and brook were nought to him!

He deemed each bird a silly thing,
Because it chose of love to sing:
And what is love but folly's theme,
Or maiden's vain and fickle dream?

And were it well an Indian Brave
Should deign to list or song, or wave?
And were it well his eagle sight
From summer's pride should own delight?

'Twas not for these he sought a place
So calm, so cool, so full of grace!
Then what did Nopah-keon seek?
To deck his hair, and paint his cheek!

And here the vermil tint was spread,
And varied plumes adorned his head,
Till, all arranged his gaudy dress,
He loved his own young loveliness! *

But fancy not a trifling mind,
Alone to gallantry resigned;
For still the oak's gigantic form,
With ivy robed, defies the storm!

Amid the villages he moves,
And every pretty damsel loves!
He speaks in low and music tone,
And bounding hearts the magic own!

The Council meet, his words of fire
Amaze the brave, the weak inspire!
He rushes on the angry foe—
A groan of death, a shriek of wo!

Ambition urged his ardent soul
To gain a free and wide control,
The pride of all the forest land,
The Chief of all his native band!

* Though not so commonly as in cities, fops are found also in the forest, several of whom I have seen in the wilds of Florida and the far west. An Indian *beau* almost equals in vanity of dress, the most perfect productions of the *genus* to be met with in Broadway. The intrinsic value of the two is about the same.

And hence the studied grace of mien ;
For well the youth had learned, I ween,
That, who the heart of man would win,
Must first with woman's heart begin !

Yet coy affection never came,
And lit within his breast a flame,
But soon the glimmering fire would die—
Extinguished by an early sigh !

II.

A group of forest girls is here,
Deep gazing in the waters clear,
To see the ' silver-fish,' in play,
Ascend, and sink, and dart away.

With laughter loud, and merry voice,
The simple Sussetons rejoice
O'er pebbles, seized with eager hand,
From out the white and dazzling sand.

Anon they seek the rustling wood ;
The wild deer starts, but unpursued ;
The lively squirrel bounds away,
And quivering limbs his fears betray !

Behold ! he gains a lofty bough,
And cunningly and happy now,

With form erect, and leisure eye,
He marks the maidens tripping by.

Convinced they do not mean him ill,
Once more his panting breast is still,
And forth he leaps, from tree to tree,
In nature's careless liberty!

Hark! hear ye not a gentle song,
In dancing cadence borne along?
Oh, ever doth so light a strain
Proclaim unconsciousness of pain!

He comes, with silver band and crown,
And raven tresses flowing down,
And buoyant step of youthful grace,
And pride of power, and laughing face!

And who so cold will not admire
The peerless form, the rich attire,
The parting lips, the rolling eye?—
Yet, maidens, ye may love, and die!

SONG.

The deer of the forest,
The stag of the hill,
May wander, and wander,

Wherever they will;
The torrent of waters
May shout with the gale,
Or sing when the rainbow
And sunbeam prevail:
And nobly the eagle
May soar to the sky,
And sport with the glory
That flashes on high;
But I am more happy,
More happy and free—
A breeze of the mountains,
A wave of the sea!

The beautiful maidens
Of valley and grove,
Behold me with pleasure,
And sighing, and love.
I speak to them sweetly,
And languish, and smile,
But laugh in my bosom,
And scorn them the while!
The delicate lover
With rapture is mute,
Or wakens the echoes
With song and the flute,—*

* The Indian lover frequently expresses his tender melancholy by the flute, a rude instrument, contrived by himself. I have also chanced to see the sentimental savages—

"Sighing like furnace with a woful ballad."

But I am more happy,
More happy and free—
A breeze of the mountains,
A wave of the sea!

'Tis done, and suddenly the cries
Of all the listening girls arise;
And many a proud defying word,
But muttered indistinct, is heard.

And some, with bright, subduing glance,
And some with curling lip, advance,
While Nopah-keon silent stands,
And contemplates his glowing hands!

At last confusion fades away,
And once again the youth is gay;
'Tis thus a cloud throws instant gloom
Along the summer's sunny bloom:

'Tis thus it vanishes, and light
Returns to animate the sight,
More soft and pleasurably seen,
Because the shadows intervene!

Full oft and loud, with merry sound,
The ancient forest rings around;
And many a pretty head is bent
'Neath many a pretty compliment!

A fearful shriek!—The maidens fly,
And only one is lingering nigh
The youthful brave, who seeks in vain
To make the cause of terror plain.

Ah! little does he know the ill
That hastens nearer, nearer still;
A rabid wolf comes down the path,
With foaming mouth, and eyes of wrath!

But young Ninona marks it speeding,
And instantly the wolf lies bleeding:—
A massive rock, with effort cast,
A long, loud howl—it is the last!

And he is safe, for whom her breast
So oft was glad, so oft distressed!
The bliss of love, and love's alarms!
She sinks in Nopah-keon's arms.

III.

There moves a little twinkling light
Amid the loneliness of night:
It steals along inconstantly,
From lodge to lodge, from tree to tree.

A moment fled, a moment seen
In pure, and full, and golden sheen,

And now it nearer comes, and now—
What! Nopah-keon! is it thou!

Within his elevated hand,
He holds a feebly burning brand,
And enters soon the lodge of love,
His heart to show, and her's to prove.

He bends above Ninona's bed,
And o'er her face the light is shed:
She wakes, with blush of love and shame,
And quick extinguishes the flame! *

She gracefully attends the voice
That bids her ardent soul rejoice;
But not a word her lips reply,
The only answer is a sigh!

Irresolute the Brave retires,
And Hope, with secret tone, inspires—
And now his spirit, wild and free,
Explores the strange futurity;

And calls the scenes of hallowed bliss—
The chase, return, the honey kiss,

* The custom of wooing here described, may be found among the Aborigines of the Northwest. To extinguish the torch, is to accept; if it be permitted to burn, a refusal is implied. In the former case, a verbal confession of love is generally made by each party.

The battle won, the shout of fame,
A triumph and—a chieftain's name!

But soon far different thoughts arise;
And roll his red and angry eyes,
And heaves convulsively his heart,
With pangs the tongue will not impart!

Another wins Ninona!—one
'Tis misery to gaze upon!
However noble he may be,
He seemeth base deformity!

Their lips have met—a long, sweet kiss,
A warm embrace—oh, this! oh, this
On Nopah-keon's heart descends,
And string by string the torture rends!

IV.

The morning star, with pallid light,
Looks down upon the weary night;
The morning breeze comes forth to play,
Like childhood, all the sunny day!

A thousand birds resume the strain,
A thousand wavelets dance again;
But neither sight nor sound of joy,
May please the pensive Indian boy!

Upon a mossy rock he lies,
With slow alternate song and sighs,
And melancholy notes of flute,
That well the ear of sorrow suit.

SONG.

The pleasures are o'er of my youth-time and love,
Like the swift falling blight that strips the green grove;
And I am a tree, which the sweet birds forsake,
Where the owl and the raven their discord awake!

The fair rose of love was my laughter and scorn—
Alas! my sad heart feels the wound of its thorn:
Ninona is gentle, and pleasing to see,
But only her *silence* she giveth to me!

Farewell the far chase of the stag and the deer!
Farewell the loud war-whoop of Glory's career!
Farewell proud Ambition, my choice and delight!—
A cloud hath come o'er me, my noon-day is night!

Alone in the forest I wander to sigh,
To muse on my love, and to sorrow, and die!
Ninona is gentle, and pleasing to see,
But only her *silence* she giveth to me!

It chanced Ninona roamed the wood,
With measured step of solemn mood,

And hearing tones of hopeless love,
She sought the designated grove.

Mayhap, with mingled sigh and smile,
She listened, unobserved, awhile;
But deep affection filled her breast,
And suddenly she stood confessed!

Oh, sweet the chance, and passing sweet,
When kindred soul and soul may meet!
And Nopah-keon's eager arms
Enfold the glad Ninona's charms!

V.

Three moons have slowly pined away,
And Nopah-keon hails the day,
When, blest indeed, he stands beside
His beautiful and timid bride!

And all the Sussetons rejoice,
Save maidens, who condemn the choice,
As maids, we know, are wont to do,
Because . . . . . .

And venerable Braves forget
The frown that seemed forever set,

And think of days—how fleet they be!—
When life was love and poesie!

VI.

Allured by fancy's glittering ray,
Too oft the spirit turns away
From all its early vows of love,
From truth and happiness to rove.

And other eyes a bliss impart
To Nopah-keon's warrior heart;
And fond Ninona's pure devotion
Awakes no more a sweet emotion!

In vain the calm, persuasive tone,
In vain the melancholy moan,
In vain the look of sorrow wild,
In vain their gay and lisping child!

Amahna wins the fickle Brave,
For dreams of power at last enslave;
And many a relative and friend
The daughter of a Chief attend;

And swift they move, and eager still,
To execute her slightest will:
And thus may Nopah-keon be,
Perchance, a ruler speedily!

Ninona ! words of bitterness,
The hatred of thy lord express !—
Thou gentle boy ! his frowning eye,
And curses meet thee, passing by !

MANITO ! he hath struck the child !
Her dark eyes flash, her words are wild ;
She clasps the boy,—her love is o'er :
'Thou shalt reproach me never more ! '

A moment, and an Indian rushed
Amid the crowd,—and all was hushed :
'Thy wife !—thy child !—are on the river !
Haste ! haste ! or 'tis too late forever !'

They ran, they stood upon the strand,
They wept, implored her to the land :
The waters deep, and dark, and strong,
Rolled to the cataract along !

And loudly called the frantic Brave,
And sprang impetuous to the wave ;
But arms of giant strength arose :—
Ninona laughed, and scorned his woes !

And still she gazed undaunted back,
And bounded on the dangerous track;
And in the light canoe she stood,
And sang her death-song o'er the flood :

'A storm is around me,
My pleasures are grief,
And life is a burden,
And death is relief!

'The GREAT SPIRIT calls,
In the wild waters' roar!
They will soon close above,
And my song be no more!

'Nopah-keon, behold!
Thou art firm in the fight;
The council attends,
For thy words are the light:

'The knife, and the axe,
The shaft of the foe,
Have spared thee, when chieftains
Fell, bleeding, and low!

'The noblest of all—
Thou hast heard his last breath,
As he writhed on the plain,
With the curses of death:

'But hast thou e'er seen
The red warrior dare,
More proud than Ninona,
A deed of despair?

'The nations exalt thee,
In praise of the old;
Thou art the bright star
Which the young men behold:

'And soon in the land
Thy name shall be known,
Like the sun in its glory,
Resplendent, alone!

'But when men tell thy deeds,
And boast of thy fame—
He murdered Ninona!—
Thy memory will shame!

'The ravenous wolf,
That rushed through the wood,
Though stained from the slaughter,
Yet thirsting for blood:

'When timidly fled
The forest girls round,
I struck it—it fell
With a groan to the ground!

'And this my reward!
Thou hast laughed at me still;
Thy words have been bitter,
Abounding in ill!

'Thou hast chosen another,
And left me to wo,
And I wish for my death,
As the hunters for snow! *

'My child! oh, my child!
This life is but sorrow;
I love thee, and snatch thee
From griefs of the morrow!

'With white-shining silver,
And glittering toys,
Adorn thy Amahna,
The soul of thy joys!

'Be kind to her ever;
And prove if she be,
In thy pleasure, or sadness,
Ninona to thee!'

Her open hand was raised on high,
And sternly gazed her flashing eye,
While, calm and innocent, her child,
Beheld the foaming waves—and smiled!

The waters bear them on amain,
And now the cataract they gain,

* Winter is the Indian season of enjoyment: it is then the Aborigines hunt.

Now plunge! A shriek from shore to shore,—
A shriek!—and they are seen no more!

VII.

Twelve moons alternately arise,
And soon forsake the fickle skies.
Again the trees begin to fade,
And moaning zephyrs haunt the glade.

'Tis Nopah-keon hastens here,
Pursuing still the flying deer;
But see! he moves with solemn pace,
Nor aims the shaft, nor heeds the chase!

Beside the sounding stream he stands,
With downward look, and tortured hands;
And now he views the rocky shore,
And now he lists the sullen roar.

What, Nopah-keon, brings to thee
The gaze, the start of misery?
And ill becomes a cloud of grief
The great and brave Dahcotah Chief.

'But she, for whom I gave whate'er
Is sweet, and kind, and holy here—
A gentle, fond fidelity—
Even Amahna flies from me!'

'Alas! that I should ever know
The keenest pang of mortal wo!
Alas! that I should ever prove
The late remorse of faithless love!'

Now suddenly his tearful eyes
Behold a pleasing terror rise;
They seem to issue from the deep—
And careless yet their course they keep;

They slowly move along the green,—
And never aught like this was seen:
A doe—a fawn—of snowy white!
They pass—they fade away from sight!

And Nopah-keon's arms, in vain,
And trembling voice, implore again:
His head bends low, his heart is chill
With past regret, and future ill!

VIII.

He calls his relatives around;
The feast is o'er, the numbers sound—
The wild, sad numbers, sweet and low,
Of him who waits the destined blow!

NOPAH-KEON'S DEATH SONG.

I have seen the spirit of her I loved,
Slowly upon the waves it moved!

I have seen the soul of my murdered child;
It solemnly walked on the waters wild!

A warning came, in the voice of wrong:
'Summon thy friends, and sing thy song!'

I must to the grave, but not with grief;
I have lived, and will die, a Susseton Chief!

Farewell the field of the chase, and the fight,
And welcome the shade of the wings of night!

I have seen the spirit of her I loved;
Slowly upon the waves it moved!

I have seen the soul of my murdered child;
It solemnly walked on the waters wild!

'Tis night, nor yet the silent noon;
A wandering cloud obscures the moon,
And faintly smiles in heaven afar
A single, solitary star.

An ancient foe!—the clash of arms—
The breathless rush of war's alarms—
The charge—the glad Dahcotah yell;
And only *one*,—'twas Nopah-keon!—fell.

THE TWO LAKES.*

It was the tranquil morning hour,
And tree, and waving grass, and flower,
With all the splendor of the Spring,
And crystal dew, were glittering.

The playful breeze awoke, and went,
A fairy knight, to tournament;
First with its viewless lance assailing
The haughty weed, and warrior rose,
And gallantly at length prevailing
O'er gentle beauty's cruel foes:
And hastening then to hidden bowers,
To kiss the sweetest blushing flowers;
Forsooth, no less reward should be,
For noble deeds of chivalry!

The music dear to youth and love,
Which calls the soul to soar above,

* Near St. Louis. The condition of their waters, one calm, while the other was agitated, can be attributed only to their situation, as exposed to the wind or sheltered.

And mid the minstrelsy to raise
A song of gratitude and praise—
The music wild of many a bird,
Across the dimpled lake I heard;
And oh! my heart was full of joy,
And I remembered me, a boy;
And once again with buoyant tread,
Amid the forest trees I sped,
The long and sunny summer day,
Over my own green hills away,
The little basket eager still
With nut or luscious fruit to fill;
And whistling, as I strayed along,
A chorus to the linnet's song!

But now I am a boy no more,
And with my boyhood, peace is gone,
And all my blissful dreams are o'er,
And I am left alone—alone!
E'en as a rover of the sea,
Cast, wrecked, upon a desert strand,
With only thoughts of misery,
And longings for a brighter land!

What! shall I yield me to despair,
When earth and sky are passing fair,
And all below, and all above,
Whispers JEHOVAH'S constant love!

No! wake thee from thy slumber, Soul!
Arise, and back the darkness roll,
That long has canopied thy rest!
There is a far appointed goal—
There is a crown—and ever blest
Who wins and wears the golden prize,
For his a realm beyond the skies!

How like the Lake whose shores I tread,
Where waves with angry murmurs rise,
Where trees, like spectres, stand and spread
Their withered arms to shroud the skies—
And where the wild winds pass along,
With chilling breath, and solemn song—
How like the scene of gloom and strife,
The passing of my present life!

But yonder is a silvery Lake,
Whose waters seem a spirit's rest,
The grieving tempest dare not wake
From that repose which God hath blest!
Bright flowers upon the margin bloom,
And all the emerald strand perfume;
And birds are singing sweetly there,
A serenade to soothe the fair!
Meseemeth this anon shall be
The future life's serenity,
The dreamy happiness of love,
That waits the soul in Heaven above!

And I will smile, though many a wave
May roll terrific o'er my breast;
For GOD is good, and strong to save,
And He wi give my spirit rest,
Beyond the darkness of the grave,
Forever and forever blest!

TO MARY.

'MY WIFE!' The world hath not a dearer name!
The heart's best hope, Affection's noblest flame,
All that is holy, sweet, and fair, unite
To crown these gentle words, and grant their claim
To proud pre-eminence. With deep delight
Love's first address was this, when Eden's bowers were bright.

And thou, kind partner of my passing days,
Whose truth and trust require an angel's praise,
Thou peerless gift and chief desire of life!
To thee my soul its tenderness conveys,
Unchanging, mid alternate calm and strife,
In love's primeval words, my fond and faithful WIFE!

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOBAN, ESQ.,

OF THE WASHINGTON BAR.

In modest mental grace he grew,
Though seen, at first, and praised by few,
Till weary toil, and passing time,
Revealed his dignity sublime.

'Tis thus, amid the forest green,
The young and tender oak is seen,
O'ershadowed by a cloud of trees,
That drink the joy of sun and breeze,
And care not if the sapling fade
Untimely in the dreary shade;
But constantly, through every ill,
The infant monarch rises still,
Tasting the balmy dew of night,
Feeling the strength of heaven-born light;
Defying where it was defied,
Exulting in its native pride,
Until it wears a regal crown,
And looks in lonely grandeur down!

Ah, see!—a sudden storm—and there
The lightning flames along the air!
It strikes the oak, and rends apart
Its giant arms, and noble heart,
And hurls it, groaning, to the ground,
With gloom and desolation round!

And thus, in all his blooming power,
In manhood's best and brightest hour,
The while his ardent eloquence
The fancy pleased, and chained the sense;
While Wit would often join the train,
And sportively mid laughter reign—
That harmless wit, whose fairest grace
Adorns the tongue of Erin's race—
Thus sudden, in his height of fame,
The Messenger of Sorrow came!

Peace to the dead! His name shall be
As gold unto the memory;
His deeds shall bright example prove
To those sweet babes who shared his love,
His long affection soothe and heal
The wound a widow's heart must feel.

EVENING.

Slow fades the day ; and from the sleeping trees,
And by the drowsy murmuring of the stream,
And down the ancient shadowed hills, the breeze,
And madrigal of birds, no more may seem,
Blending in concert, like a blissful dream
Of Eden's paradise of roseal hours—
Of thoughts all purity, and earth all flowers!

No more :—the weary husbandman returns
To his neat cottage, and an infant boy
Runs forth to meet him, while its round cheek burns
With gladness, and its little arms with joy
Are spread, and it has thrown the painted toy
Away, and scorns the trifle, since for this
There comes anon a sweeter gift—a kiss!

THE MUSICAL CLOCK.

Wing the course of time with music,
Music of the grand old days,
Days when hearts were brave and noble,
Noble in their simple ways :—

Ways, however rough, yet earnest,
Earnest to promote the truth,
Truth that teaches *us* a lesson,
Lesson worthy age and youth.

Youth and age alike may listen;
Listen, meditate, improve,
Improve in happiness and glory,
Glory that shall heavenward move :—

Move as music moves in pathos,
Pathos sweet, and power sublime,
Sublime to raise the spirit, drooping,
Drooping with the toils of time.

Time recedes amid its grandeur,
Grandeur purer, prouder still,

Still revealing dreams of beauty,
Beauty that inspires the will.

Will a constant sighing sorrow,
Sorrow, full of tears restore,
Restore, but for a moment, pleasure?
Pleasure dead may live no more!

No more, then, languish for the buried,
Buried calmly let it be,
Be thy star of promise, Heaven,
Heaven hath sweeter joy for thee!

For *thee*, perchance, though dark the seeming,
Seeming dark may yet prove bright;
Bright, in *mortal* cares, may softly,
Softly dissipate the night!

Night shall not endure forever:
Ever, no! the law of Earth,
Earth inconstant, must forbid it—
Bid it change from gloom to mirth!

Mirth and grief are light and shadow,
Shadow, light, to us are dear,
Dear the scene becomes by contrast,
Contrast, then, is beauty here!

Here, through sun and tempest, merry,
Merry may thy being pass,
Pass without a sigh of sorrow ;
Sorrow wins not by 'Alas!'

'Alas!' we pardon in a maiden,
Maiden while her heart is young,
Young and timid, but in *manhood*—
Manhood should be sterner strung!

Strung as if his nerves were iron,
Iron, tempered well, to bend,
Bend, mayhap, but yielding never,
Never when Despair would rend!

Rend the pillars from the temple,
Temple in the human breast,
Breast which lonely Grief hath chosen,
Chosen for her place of rest!

Rest! unto thy spirit only,
Only torment will she bring :—
Bring, oh man! the lyre of gladness,
Gladness frights the Harpy's wing!

Wing the course of Time with music,
Music of the grand old days,
Days when hearts were brave and noble,
Noble in their simple ways!

THE POET'S DUTY.

Wake thee from thy slumber, Poet!
Let thy golden lyre
Rouse the mind, the heart enkindle
With a holy fire!
Now has dawned the age of action,
Now the Truth appears,
Silly Sentiment is banished,
With her sighs and tears!

What to us the Greeks and Romans?
Greece and Rome are dead,
All their gods and god-like heroes
Like a vision fled!
Yes, they were a poet's dreaming,
Strangely grand, but vain;
Did their proud creation ever
Break a single chain?

Did the lone and drooping spirit,
Listening, rise sublime,
Feeling manhood's native glory,
All the worth of Time?

Were the deeds their numbers summoned
  Great, or good, or kind?
Did the nations seek the noble,
  Or in heart, or mind?

No! the Poet's song presented
  Gods who were unjust,
Gods whose attributes were chiefly
  Pride, revenge and lust!
Then the heroes, heaven-descended,
  Worthy heaven were they!
Living but to deal destruction,
  Waste, and burn, and slay!

Though the world may scarcely know it,
  Yet to bards belong
Law, and power to force compliance,
  Even by a song!
Should the verse be formed with sweetness,
  Fancy, strength and fire,
Eagerly the Soul will seize it,
  Trembling from the lyre!

Years may pass away—the music
  Lingers fondly yet,
Scenes may change, but not her treasure
  Shall the Soul forget!
Then the past, in time of trial,

She will chance rehearse,
Till the Poet calms her doubting:
Lo! the power of verse!

Poetry is still undaunted,
Bold her truth's expressed,
Like the "voice" by God implanted
In the human breast;
Speaking on, through every season,
Constant though concealed,
Only by our lives' improvement
Is her sway revealed!

Then, oh, Poet! thou who seekest
Pure and deathless fame,
Wisely weigh the sacred duty
Poetry will claim:
Think with care, and act with vigor—
Bravely to the fight!
Raise thy lance, and be thy war-cry,
"God defend the right!"

EPITHALAMIUM.

'Tis said the first young days of love
Glide onward like a stream,
And the fairy scenes around, above,
With a peerless beauty beam;
And softly as a minstrel theme,
Or the wind that seeketh rest,
They tell me thoughts of lovers seem
To revel in the breast;
But I little know
If this be so,
For my heart is lonely still, my friends,
And it wanders to and fro.

And yet, in very sooth, I've seen
Sad tears in lovers' eyes,
And oftentimes a witness been
Of lovers' painful sighs:
Thus, like the April skies,
Is a lover's life o'ercast,
For clouds of grief arise,

And pleasures follow fast.
But grief to-day
Hath flown away,—
And be your smile forever, friends,
As bright and pure a ray!

ANNA.

"Wax to receive, and marble to retain!"
Ah, yes! for how could different be
A heart that knoweth thee!
When I beheld, I tried, in vain,
To think of thee no more;
But, as before,
My heart would still remain—
"Wax to receive, and marble to retain!"

The sea-shell, taken from its native strand,
Doth ever sigh, as sigh
The sweet winds passing by;
Remembering, too, the melody

Of waves that break upon the dazzling sand:—
Thus from my heart I cannot sever
Thy presence and thy voice; forever
There must they dwell supreme,
And they must be my theme
Till to the earth,
That gave me birth,
I go; to sleep a sleep that knows
No fear in its repose—
No dream!

As day and day
Went swift away,
More deep and heavenly became my love;
Nor did I e'er admire the sky above
But as it seemed to me
An emblem of thy purity;—
Nor emerald earth below,
Nor streamlet's crystal flow,
But as I deemed them like to thee,
In beauty, virgin grace, simplicity!
And every word
From thee I've heard,
Hath dwelt within my heart,
So careful kept, it never might depart!
And thus that heart hath been (yet oh, how sweet the pain,)
"Wax to receive, and marble to retain!"

A BURIAL IN THE WILDERNESS.

The chilly night wind stealing sweeps,
And moaning, o'er the shadowed steeps,
While, with a sound of wo,
The tall grass bendeth low.

Oh, time of sorrow, fearful, drear!
For, silent, pensive, standing here,
Brave men bend o'er the tomb,
With down-cast eyes of gloom!

And stern red warriors of the wood,
Whose cruel hearts delight in blood,
Gather with trembling round
The dark and sacred ground!

The night-hawk's boding shrieks arise,
The startled wolf terrific cries,
As now, in solemn trust,
The kindred dust to dust!

Oh! he was valiant, young, and kind,
And fair of person, proud of mind—
And smiling hope was near,
His onward path to cheer!

And there was one who loved the youth,
With the first love of virgin truth,
Though every joy and ill,
Fondly and constant still!

No more:—The light of life is fled;
The guns boom thrice above the dead;
And Silence reigns again,
With Darkness, o'er the plain.

THE STRANGER.

And hast thou seen my early home?
And is it still the same?—
I left it, distantly to roam,
Allured by wealth and fame;
But though I gained the prize at last,
'Twere better lost than won,
For now a cloud of gloom is cast
Around my noon-day sun!

The happiness that lit my eyes,
With Heaven's unchanging ray—
The merry laugh that would arise
Through all the summer day—
Content, which made my humble cot
A palace proud to me;—
These, oh, my heart, are unforgot,
Though pain the memory be!

O'er desert land, and ocean blue,
Where Rumor bade, I sped,
And found the tale she told me true,
But peace from fortune fled;
And when the dizzy height I sought,
And fair renown, were mine,
Alas! the triumph only brought
A joy as false as wine!

My infant home! The flowery vale,
The mountains rising round,
The evening breeze, the angry gale,
When all the landscape frowned—
Yet lovely in its darkest rage,
And only loved the more,—
These may remain from age to age,
As they have been of yore,—

And even may the cottage still
Adorn the lowland green,

But oh, my spirit never will
  Again enjoy the scene!
This heart is not my youthful heart;
  My thoughts the fiends attend:
Why not the weary-one depart!—
  Oh, Death! be thou my friend!

PASSING AWAY.

Alas! the virgin dream of Happiness
  Is all too fair for Earth to realize;
In sooth, methinks glad angels fancy less,
  And wisely too, in groves beyond the skies:
  The day is clear, but envious clouds arise,
And where its beauty? Flowers are sweet and gay,
  But cold and frost their tender bloom surprise,
And sad and silent pass their charms away.
Thus Love's bright visions fade, as soon, as sad
  as they!

ERIN.

I.

'ʼTis MINE!' sweet Freedom said, the while
She fondly gazed on ERIN's Isle.

The snowy billows danced around
The blooming shore, with music sound;
The breeze awoke, and merrily,
And lightly, flew from tree to tree,
And all, with graceful bending head,
Gave welcome, wheresoe'er it sped:
And silver stream, and lake, and rill,
And shadowy dale, and sunny hill,
And flowerets waving to and fro,
With softer charms began to glow!

ʼTis eve—the light is fading now
From yonder mountain's rugged brow,
And long and dark the shadows rest
Upon Killarney's gentle breast,
And slow, mid many a mossy rock,
The happy Shepherd drives his flock.

How dear the evening hour to him,
Ye well may know—his eye is dim
With tears, the blissful tears of joy,
As first he sees his rosy boy
Impatient come, with rapid feet,
His sire to kiss, embrace, and greet—
In simple phrase, and lisping strain—
Right welcome to his home again!

And yet the Shepherd onward moves,
And now the cot, and all he loves,
And all his heart would e'er possess,
At once unite to soothe and bless!

But still the Pagan altar stood,
And chanting Magi roamed the wood,
And hymns and prayers addressed the moon,
The twinkling stars, the orb of noon;—
And Superstition's pilgrims came,
And knelt around the sacred flame:—
And yet, when darkness veiled the sky,
The robber prowled insidious by,
And sudden fell the crimson knife,
And groaned in blood the parting life!
The fiend of war in fury rose,
And friends and relatives were foes;
And oft the verdant plain was red,
From noble veins of Erin's dead!

Till ONE resigned his native land,
Obeying GOD's appointing hand,
And spread the daring sail, and passed
The angry waves, the threatening blast,
And smiled at Ocean's surly roar,
And raised the Cross on Erin's shore!

The shout and groan of battle cease,
And Truth is born, and Love, and Peace!
And sacred songs of joy arise
To Him who formed the earth and skies.
The Arts, the Sciences appear,
And rove the Isle, improve, and cheer.
Among the hills, the dales adown,
As if by magic, village, town,
With tower, and dome, majestic start,
With crowded port, and busy mart!
And sculptured walls of Abbeys gleam,
Through bending trees, by many a stream.

The Saint beheld, with holy pride,
And gave the praise to God—and died.

And years and years have rolled away,
But still they hail the happy day,
In early time of timid Spring;
And shout aloud his name, and sing,
With quivering lips, a glowing song,
The hills, the dales, and shores along!

SONG.

Blow, freely blow, ye winds of March,
And wave, ye banners fair,
And peal, ye joyous trumpet tones,
Through all the sunny air!
Be glad, ye hearts of valiant men,
Ye rosy maidens smile,
And welcome back to memory
The Saint of Erin's Isle.

Thou ancient harp of many strings,
So eloquent of yore,
Remember now thy glories past,
And charm the world once more!
Come Beauty, virgin Beauty, come,
With sacred song the while;
And hail, ye lisping children, hail,
The Saint of Erin's Isle!

'Tis sweet to see the summer sun
From clouds of darkness dart:
'Tis sweet to feel his brilliant beams
Revive the drooping heart:—
'Twas thus, when hovered Night around,
And Grief, and Hate, and Guile,
A sudden splendor shone sublime—
The Saint of Erin's Isle!

And hark! the hills and dales resound
With virtue's angel song,
And shine the Cross and Shamrock green,
Mid all the grateful throng.
Ten thousand voices proudly join,
Ten thousand sweet lips smile;
Glory to GOD! and praise to *him*,
The Saint of Erin's Isle.

THE scene is changed. With hair of white,
And bending form, and withered sight,
On a rude rock, where rolls the sea,
Forever wild, forever free,
A lonely Minstrel sits and sings,
And strikes the melancholy strings.

It was not age that stole his bloom,
And prophecied the darksome tomb,
But care, the busy fiend of thought,
A sudden change untimely wrought.

His faltering voice, and trembling hand,
The Minstrel may no more command;
For hark! he pours a plaintive song,
That bears his raptured soul along:
It tells—alas! that such should be
His own despairing history!—
The pride, the hope of early love,

When, timid as the woodland dove,
The heart will droop away with grief,
Revive—and sink at stir of leaf,
Or passing breeze, or insect call—
Though pure itself, yet fearing all!
And this the love of Carolan,
When first his life of love began:
But she, whose brightly tender eyes
Gave grace anew to earth and skies—
And she, for whom 'twas joy to live,
For whom his life 'twere bliss to give—
A cruel heart, an icy hand,
Had borne her from her native land!
And years went by, and blindness came,
But still his soul remained the same;
And still he loves, though never more
She gaily tread her daisied shore.

The gladsome sun at last up-rose,
And seemed to mock the Minstrel's woes:
He felt the beam he could not see—
He smiled—and bent him instantly,
And struck the friendly harp again,
To lose the memory of pain:
The morning sun brought back to him
A morning, ere his eye was dim,
When she.—He strove to chase away
The brilliant past—the dark to-day!

The dash of oars—a boat—more near—
'Tis safely moored—a maid is here,
She lightly glides along the strand,
Her fingers touch the Minstrel's hand ;
He starts—the magic touch is known :
'Oh, GOD! my loved! my lost! my own!'

A FLOWERY plain—a winding stream—
Surrounding trees, that scarce the beam
Of setting sun may enter there—
A group of men, and maidens fair—
And ancient dames, who still remember
The May of life, in life's December;
With yet a laughter-loving glance,
And voice of wit, and joy of dance,
And longing wish to hear or tell
The changing fate that once befell
A gallant knight and fair "ladye,"
In golden climes beyond the sea:
Or other tales, and sweeter still!
When fairies meet, adown the hill,
And moon and stars are shining bright,
To give the "little people" light,
As round and round, so quick and gay,
They sport the silent hours away!

But now we leave the fairy pleasure,
And now we view a *mortal* measure;

And simple song alone may be
The simple peasants' melody.

Oh ye, of grave and formal mind!
With souls to stupid books resigned,
And hearts that prove no variation,
But rise and fall—*in calculation!*—
I call ye from your dark retreating,
To view a merry peasant-meeting!

Behold the smiling youth advance;
Behold the blushing virgin glance;
And see her bend those lily arms
Above her budding bosom's charms,
As fain to hide the beauty there,
With beauty quite as soft and fair!
And thus she glides with buoyant motion,
As floats a flower on summer ocean.

The dance! the dance! and age, the while,
Hath borrowed youth's enchanting smile;
For joy can give an honest face,
Though old and rough, a peerless grace!

'Tis o'er,—and on the velvet grass
Is seated many a lad and lass;
While wit, abundant wit, is heard,
And laughter greets the brilliant word.

But two—and lovers they, I ween—
No more adorn the gleesome scene ;
When none observed, they stole apart—
Retirement suits the amorous heart !—
And slow they move (I'd like to know
Why lovers always wander slow ?)
Beneath the rustling oaks, that make
A pleasant shade along the lake ;
And even there they whisper faint,
As dreading some unseen restraint.
The youth, with gentle arm, embraced
The modest maiden's rounded waist,
And then, mayhap, in dream of bliss,
Unconscious stole a dewy kiss !

The sun is gone, and Twilight gray,
Droops mournfully o'er dying Day ;
And sweet resumes the nightingale
Her pleasing, melancholy tale ;
While distant, o'er the lonely hill,
Replies the plaintive whip-poor-will.

But see ! the evening star appears,
Though dim, like woman's eye in tears ;
And placidly the crystal stream
Reflects its ever trembling beam.

II.

'ʼTis MINE!' said Tyranny, the while
She fiercely gazed on ERIN's Isle!

And clouds convened, and lightning flashed,
And high the foaming waters dashed,
With sullen sound, from rock to rock,
That shook, alarmed, at every shock!
And still the storm, above, below,
In thunder groaned the knell of wo!
The wind, that rushed along the main,
Now rent the knarled oak in twain,
And on it sped, exulting loud,
And all the mighty forest bowed.

THE startled Shepherd hurries o'er
The blasted field, the sultry shore;
Forgets his panting sheep, that lie
Where once a brook went bubbling by;
For dreadful visions haunt his breast,
Which reason cannot soothe to rest,
And homeward speedily he wends,
And now the last high hill ascends,
And thence he fondly hopes to view—
Alas! the vision whispered true!
The crackling cottage sinks in fire!
His frantic children call their sire,

And shriek, and cast their arms in air,
And fly, or stand in mute despair!

The Shepherd rushes down the hill,
With thoughts conflicting fiercer still,
Of fear and love, in maddening strife,
That burn or freeze the streams of life!
The voice of anguish cries again—
It wounds his breast with keener pain:—
'Come, Father, come!'
'My own ones here!
In time of sorrow, passing dear!
But where is she'—
'The ball—the blade!
They left her there!'
An elm tree's shade
Fell gloomily around her form,
As clouds impend o'er wreck of storm;
And oh! it was an awful fate
That doomed the Shepherd's lovely mate:
But true the ball, and sharp the steel,
And soldier-hearts forget to feel!

Across her breast, and marble brow,
The blood was dark and clotted now;
And firm the livid lips were closed,
And dim in death her eyes reposed.
He gazed on earth, with bitter love;—

He gazed in agony above:
'Oh, GOD! oh, GOD! did'st Thou, on high,
Behold the unoffending die—
So pure and true, so kind and fair—
And could'st Thou still Thy wrath forbear?
But come, my boys; the tears we shed,
And prayers we breathe, for pleasures fled,
Alike are vain:—be brave, my soul!
And bear the ills that mock control!
Yet bear not all.—Sweet Erin's Isle
Is basely trod by War and Guile;
And fainting Freedom, feebly crying,
Through clouds that veil the dead and dying,
Commands me forth, in mingling fight,
For Home and Altar, Truth and Right!'

The tramp of horse:—they speed—they speed—
And bounds with pride each foaming steed,
And glittering swords are waving there,
As if to wound the rebel air!

The Shepherd falls, where brave he stood,
A wreck amid a crimson flood;
And e'en his harmless boys—the earth,
That witnessed oft their scenes of mirth,
Is now—alas, the cruel doom!—
Sweet childhood's unlamented tomb!

And wild and far the horsemen haste,
With reeking hands, to kill and waste.
Where waved the golden harvest wide,
The smoke ascends, the flames divide;
Where smiled the cot, or shone the hall,
A blackened pile, a tottering wall!
And Murder, Treachery, were armed,
And Hell itself shrunk back, alarmed!

Behold the aged Minstrel lone,
Revive his harp's enchanting tone,
And sing the song so sweet to hear,
When Peace had never dreamed of Fear;
And lovely girls were round him then,
And eager children, valiant men,
Who heard, with bright, expressive smile,
The praise of Erin's happy Isle;
And then each noble heart beat high,
And rapture beamed in every eye,
And wine was poured, and legend told,
And light the laugh of pleasure rolled,
Till o'er and o'er the mingled strain
The bannered hall gave back again!

But now, beneath a withered tree,
The Minstrel woke his melody,
Alone, at solemn close of day,
And peace and joy—where now were they?

He changed the gentle notes to wo,
And sang the march of Erin's foe—
Pale Famine's shriek, where Plenty smiled—
The altar's sacred height, defiled,—
The dying, as they sank to rest,
With pity mocked, and smiling jest—
And, undistinguished, sex and age,
The monument of tyrant rage!
His rising voice was sudden hushed—
And instantly his life-blood gushed;
He fell to earth:
They laugh, and swear—
They pass—and only death is there!

Ah me! it pains the heart to tell
How deep the pride of freedom fell;
And fail my words, and droops my hand,
And feelings I cannot command
Tumultuous rise, and o'er my soul
The burning thoughts of hatred roll,
Until the lyre and simple song,
Mescem an idle task, and wrong.
Fair Erin! thou hast ever been
My love, my boast, though yet unseen
Thy rocky shores; for sweet to me
Thy legends came, in infancy;
And many a ballad, fondly sung,
Of gay romance, when time was young;

And she who told the varied story
Of Erin's grief, and Erin's glory,
Did feel its every word, in sooth,
With all the joy or wo of truth :—
And taught my eager heart the while
To know and love her native Isle.
Oppression forced her forth to roam,
She braved the stormy ocean's foam ;
The wind was loud—but he was near—
The weary wanderers rested here :—
America's protecting arms
Received from war's and wave's alarms.
She lived in happiness, and yet
Her Island-home could ne'er forget ;
She died—to me bequeathed the love
Of freedom, truth, all else above !—
The hate of tyranny—and those,
Beyond the rest—fair Erin's foes !
It is no marvel, then, my lyre
And song, meseem, in vain aspire ;
For strongest thoughts, like rivers deep,
Appear enchained in sullen sleep,
Till breaks the storm along the tide—
And lo ! their might, and angry pride !
While shallow brooks are noisy found,
And winds disperse their waters round !

A YOUTH—of calm and pensive mien,
And smiling lips, and eyes serene,

Is bending o'er the wondrous page,
That tells the lore of many an age.
He stands:—how changed that gentle face!
It breathes a majesty, a grace,
A warm, enthusiastic mind,
A spirit roused—sublime, and kind!

A single thought, that strikes aright
The noble soul—the flash how bright!
How suddenly the flame ascends,
Till all in peerless glory blends!

Oh, Science! beautiful art thou!
With Heaven's own star upon thy brow,
And humble dignity of worth,
To bless—alas! not all the earth;
For tyrant laws my Erin doom,
And Science flies the withering gloom!

Thus stood—thus thought the youth:—again
His spirit sank with piognant pain,
But rose anon, with brighter smile:
'I die,—or free my sorrowing Isle!'

Brave Emmet! not for thee the task
To sieze the tyrant's sword and mask,
And not for thee thy chosen maid;
But ah! the cell's funereal shade,

The taunt of wickedness and power,
The solemn toll, the awful hour,
The vulgar gaze, the scaffold height,
The dark and everlasting night!

Yet glory hovered round thy fall,
And not with life shall perish all.
Thy voice once chilled the cruel heart,
And never shall its tones depart,
But sound afar, till Erin rise—
Direct to GOD her tearful eyes—
Defy the power that rules the flood,
And write thy epitaph in blood!

Nor Emmet shall inspire alone:—
Remember Curran, Grattan, Tone!
Remember those of early time,
Who died, "unwept, without a crime:"—
Behold! they start, from hill and plain,
The bleeding forms of heroes slain!
Behold the cot, the hall on fire—
The orphan child—the childless sire—

* * * * *

STRIKE! Strike!—and tyrants sink away,
And Freedom comes, and joy, and day;
And proud ye tread, with happy smile,
Your own—your lovely ocean Isle!

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES STRAHAN.

With sad and whispered words, and silent tread,
They come, and tearfully regard thy face—
The young, whose doubtful way thy wisdom led,
The old, who loved thy virtue's simple grace.

No more for them those eyes shall softly beam,
No more those lips in kindly tones impart
The lore of Earth, or Heaven's sublimest theme,
Eternal Truth, enthrone within the heart.

'Tis death they gaze upon; but Death to thee
Not as a cruel tyrant fiercely came;
For all thy life was calm, and placidly
Its light went down, in full and holy flame:

Ev'n as the sun, where southern skies are fair,
Sinks golden in the ocean's waveless breast,
Its glory lingering in the balmy air,
A path along the deep, to mark its rest.

To all who saw his pure and proud career,
To soar like him, perchance, it may not be,
But still pursue his light reflected here,
The humbler path leads also, God, to Thee!

MORNING PRAYER.

Father! now again the day
Drives the fears of night away,
Gladly unto Thee I bring
All my fond heart's offering,
Breathing prayer, and singing praise,
Like the sweet impassioned lays,
Rising now in concert grand,
From sea to sea, from land to land!
Oh! I bless the gentle sleep
In which Thou did'st my senses steep!
Oh! I bless the waking fair
To Nature's bloom and sunny air!
Full of pleasure throbs my heart,
Feeling how divine Thou art,
Trusting unreserved to Thee

That my path of life shall be
Cheered with flowers, blest with peace,
Even till my journey cease;
Then, oh, Father! from the grave
Kindly will Thy mercy save—
Save and lead me forth to dwell
Where angels whisper—"All is well!"

DEATH OF THE BRIDE.

The while her eye was bright with bliss,
And thrilled her lip with love's first kiss;
The while her cheek yet blushed with pride,
And hope of happy days—she died!

And silent by the bridal bed,
The white-robed maidens wept the dead,
And friend and relative were near,
With heaving breast, and trickling tear.

The lone-one came:—he kissed her cheek,
And strove—but oh, he could not speak,

For griefs by which the soul is wrung,
The eyes may tell, though not the tongue.

And now, in their impetuous flow,
Was charactered a tale of wo,
So deep, so wild with mad despair,
They mourned the more who read it there!

"LOVE, STILL LOVE."

The heart that once revealed its love,
With trembling words of passion's thrill,
May yet a new affection prove,
And throb as fond as ever still,
If false the maid who first awoke
Its strange, and sweet, and holy tone;
If once the golden chain be broke,
And Constancy and Honor flown.

'Tis true, the struggling heart awhile,
Though wronged indeed, will not believe,
A maid, with angel voice and smile,
So kind, so bright, can still *deceive;*

And many, many a cheerless day,
  And many a night of grief and pain,
May pass, with lingering pace away,
  Ere love—another love, can reign.

But then—with one who *is*, in all
  The fond and good, the other *seemed*—
That heart disowns its early thrall,
  And clasps a bliss it whilom dreamed:
Oh! e'en the memory of her
  Who faithless proved, in by-gone year,
Will render now love's minister,
  Like Hope from Sorrow born, more dear!

CANZONET.

TO FANNY.

Fondly yet I think of thee,
  Dearest friend of happy hours;
And to latest memory
  Shall thy name and beauty prove
    Sweet as love
  In the Paradisian bowers!

If I never see thee more—
For anon I must away,
Distant wave and mountain o'er—
Every night my prayer shall be
Breathed for thee,
Every night and every day!

When I rove the lonely wood,
Or the verdant, breezy hill,
It shall cheer my solitude,
And illume my pathway there,
If the fair
Think of me and friendship still.

I can leave my hallowed home,
Tearless, distantly depart,
And the land of strangers roam;
But from thee, fair friend, to go,
Tears o'erflow
The troubled fountain of my heart!

JOY AND GRIEF OF A MOTHER'S LOVE.*

'Tis golden eve of Spring;
And yet the tender leaf, and timid flower,
With feeble blossoming,
May scarcely decorate the rural bower;
But oh, a sweeter bud is resting there,
And blooms a rich, full rose, than pride of Spring more fair!

A sleeping infant, pressed,
In dream of innocence, and cherub smile,
Close to its Mother's breast,
From which it drank the nectar fount awhile,
Then, weary, drooped away; and deep the joy
With which the parent clasps her all unconscious boy!

And beam her eyes with love,
A love no mortal voice can ever tell!
As, oft, they gaze above,

* The incidents of this poem are *true*.

And pray its earthly pilgrimage be well ;
And God may shield, when storms are dark and wild,
And safe conduct to Heaven, her own, her darling child !

The infant wakes, and steals
Along the Mother's breast its dimpled arm,
And playfully reveals
Its gratitude to her who saved from harm
When slumber came :—and she, with gentle tone,
And fond caress replies, and all her heart is known !

Another child is here,
A pale, weak boy, who scarce can move along,
Though late, in gay career,
He sought full oft the light and sportive throng :—
Alas ! for him the kite, the ball no more :
Death's minister awaits, and life will soon be o'er !

'Mother, I think I'll die !
When I am dead, oh ! bury with me, too,
The kite I used to fly,
For I will go to Heaven, so bright, so blue,
And *there* will be fine sport !'—The Mother hears,
Affection thrills her soul—but Grief hath bitter tears !

ELEGY.

With artless hand, and trembling tone,
Affection, musing all alone,
Attempts to wake the tuneful string,
And Martha's love and virtue sing.

The life of him, her choice in youth,
May best declare that spirit's truth;
And well through every scene it proved
The tenderness with which he loved!

When Death the fatal arrow sped,
Oh, marked ye then the tears he shed;
Oh, saw ye then his manly breast
Wild heaving o'er his consort's rest!

And those who sadly thronged beside,
Who mourned their monitress and guide,
Poor orphans! then your passion's flow
Was eloquent of love and wo!

Nor relatives nor friends were all
Who blest her life, and wept her fall,

But strangers—poor, infirm, and old—
Her charity, her kindness told.

Her pilgrimage at last is done,
The race is o'er, the goal is won;
Her God was merciful to save—
And where thy triumph now, oh, Grave!

THE FIREMAN.*

'Tis night, a calm and pensive summer night,
The moon is up, the stars are beaming bright,
And many a whispered tale of love is heard,
Or sweetly told, without a single word;
For look, and sigh, and warmly pressing hand,
And silent lips—all lovers understand!

The hours pass on. A deep and echoing sound
Strikes through the silence and the gloom profound:
It is the bell, that marks the lonely noon—
Lonely indeed—the stars are gone, the moon

* Spoken by Mrs. Farren, at the Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., October 27, 1842.

Hath left the sky, and clouds of rolling form
Predict the terror of a coming storm!

And now the ghastly lightning gleams awhile,
But with unpleasing and satanic smile;
And deep-toned thunders murmur to and fro,
Like triumph shouts of battling fiends below!
Yet what of these? They only serve to break
The watchman's slumber, who, when full awake,
Strides for a little moment through the street,
And cries — "All's well!" — and yawns—and sleeps as sweet!

Now gentle dreams attend the maiden's bed,
And stories of the heart employ the head;
Again she wanders in the sunset grove,
And he is there—and ardent vows of love
He speaks again, so musical, so true,
They open Heaven upon her raptured view;
"For love is Heaven," the Highland minstrel sung,
And no one doubts, while life and love are young!

The Merchant dreams of loss and gain in trade,
The notes just due, the drafts that must be paid;
And Journals, Day Books, Ledgers pass before him,
And gold descends, in grateful showers, o'er him:

Methinks those showers do very often render
The heart a stone, the head a little tender!

Serenely smiling, on its mother's breast,
The babe of innocence hath sunk to rest,
Its tiny arm upon its parent's face,
Its budding beauty in her soft embrace!
And she, the mother!—oh, what thoughts are her's!
Yes, even now, her spirit ministers
To wants, and hopes, and fears, that ever seem
To hover round, like phantoms of a dream,
The child of happy youth and holy love,
The cherub, pure from God's own hand above!

Hark! sounds amid the sleeping city rise!
'Tis not the larum of the stormy skies:
No, no! But list! the awful tones aspire,
And now, distinctly—"fire!" "fire!" "fire!"
How rush the flames, and leap, and twine around!
How dark the sky! how vivid glows the ground!
And crowds are speeding, trembling, pale with fear,
From calm repose to ruin's red career!
And see! two mighty elements contend!
The flames sink back, again, again ascend!
The strong walls, wavering, fall away at last,
And dread the tyrant's course, and wild and fast!

Behold a child! It stands amid the blaze!
It shrieks for aid, with thrilling voice it prays!
In vain—alas, in vain!
Oh, God! a cry!
The frantic mother calls, and rushes by!
'My boy! my boy!'
They hold her back; and there
Her own loved child is writhing in despair!

Forth springs a manly form from out the crowd,
His purpose only by his act avowed:
Onward, and on,—the fires around him burn,
He does not hesitate, he will not turn!
The stair-case trembles 'neath his rapid tread,
The glowing rafters quiver o'er his head!
He speeds along—the many stand aghast—
He gains the chamber—clasps the child at last:
Down, down he glides, with throbbing heart of joy—
Safe! both are safe—the Fireman and the boy!

THE CATHEDRAL, BALTIMORE.

The trembling tones of music rise,
And charm the gentle air,
Like whispers from the happy skies,
That call us there!

And hark! the chaunt of the vesper hymn,
Afar, and sweet, and low;
From sculptured dome, and the arches dim,
Sad echoes flow.

And incense, pure as the breath of morn,
Floats with the sacred lay,
On the viewless waves of the air upborne,
Away, away!

Gently the light through the dome descending
On the many bowed in prayer,
With the star-like taper-rays is blending,
More soft and fair!

The Cross of the SAVIOUR, mid the shade,
The altar's solemn height,
The priest, in silvery robe arrayed,
The golden light,

Statue, and painting, and music sound,
A pensive joy impart;
Till thoughts of Heaven alone are found
Within the heart!

Now pride, and anon humility,
Pass my young spirit o'er:
And thus shalt thou to my fancy be
Forevermore!

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! the hour is come!
Sweet friends of merry youthful days,
Dear scenes of spring-time happiness,
All I have loved, Farewell!

Anon the wintry hills,
The river and the forest trees,

And prairie-sea of solitude,
Alone shall I behold!

Farewell! When far away,
And beautiful in nightly dreams
The pleasures of the past appear,
How sad will be the morn!

The careless world, unknown,
Shall pass along, or like the ray
Of Even' star, mid vapors cold,
Their thoughtless glance on me.

Yet GOD is everywhere,
And He will be my constant friend,
And distant in the stranger's land,
I shall not be alone!

THE INCONSTANT.

The Year was dying;
But youth and pride,
With smiles of pleasure,
Danced along;
Nor once, I ween,
For the passing, sighed
The funeral prayer,
Or the solemn song.

Forsooth, 'twas joy
That throng to see,
The fair and the noble,
The gay of heart;
And 'twas sweet to hear
The voice of glee,
And the innocent laugh
Of the young girl start!

Bright shone the lamps
O'er the echoing hall;
It seemed a scene

Of fairy bliss!
And rose the song
Mid the festival:
Nor the flute nor harp
So sweet as this!

The hours flew swift
Of the merry night:
'Twas near the noon,
And I sped away,
For not in the hall
Of laughter and light,
But alone and calm
I would hail the Day.

The cold, sad winds
Went howling by;
The snow lay deep
On the silent street;
And the pallid moon
Passed o'er the sky,
Like a wandering ghost
In its winding sheet!

With a mournful look
On the homes of men,
It glided on
To its grave, the cloud;

And the timid stars
  Forth issued then,
For, the spectre gone,
  They were brave and proud!

The noble dome
  Of the church up-rose:
A sound—and it came
  With a fear to my breast;
A voice well known;
  Yet awhile it froze
The stream of my life
  In a death-like rest.

The clock tolled out
  The hour of fear,
TWELVE! And it seemed
  The sorrowful knell
That gives to the tomb
  The aged Year:
And I paused, and sighed
  To the dead, farewell!

Thoughts of the past
  Came o'er my mind;
Of friendship, and love,
  And joy, and pain;
Of those I trusted,

Who proved unkind :
And my spirit wept,
Then smiled again.

A light in the gloom !
And another yet ;
A line of mourners,
A pall-less bier ;
Matrons and maids
Together met ;
Old age and youth,
In silence here !

Again I paused ;
The scene how strange !
The hall of splendor,
The laugh, the dance :
But anon arrives
An awful change—
To the dreary grave
The slow advance !

'Tis ever thus
Gloom follows gladness ;
'Tis ever thus
The golden ray
That Pleasure giveth,
Cruel Sadness

Steals from the bosom
  Swift away!

She died in youth,
  By her own fair hand!
For him she loved
  Another won!
And the world to her
  Was a dark, strange land:
Albert had been
  A guide, a sun!

With a low, sweet voice,
  So fond, he came;
And he shunned the crowd,
  And her he sought;
With a tremulous tone
  He breathed her name:
But it was not love,
  'Twas pride; 'twas nought.

Alone, alone,
  Like a bark on the wave,
Tossed by the tempest,
  Her weary soul;
And vain was the effort
  Of friends to save,
And only he
  Could the storm control.

She deemed that he loved her,
And life was blest:
But a fair one allured him
With glittering gold:
And Misery came,
And abode in her breast,
Though affection like Anna's
May never be cold!

Oh, still was he dearest;
Another his bride!
And she mused, and she wept,
Till her proud reason fled;
Then the draught of swift poison,
A smile, and she died!
The friends of the living
Advance with the dead.

Her story sank deep
And sad in my heart:
I thought of her beauty,
Her sorrowful fate:
Then I thought of the cruel,
To win and depart;
And I breathed in my soul
The curses of hate!

I walked to the grave-yard,
Mournfully slow,

I wept with the weeping,
And sighed for the past:
A voice!—'tis the tone
Of sorrow and wo,
Of passion consuming,
How fearful, how fast!

'I *will* go! My loved one
Is cold on the bier!
Strive not to resist me,
My brain is on fire!'
A struggle, 'tis over,
And Albert is here,
Mid the scorn of the crowd,
And its menace, and ire!

'Oh, do not refuse me!
My curses with thine,
As fiends will torment me,
Till life is no more!
Ah! could'st thou but know
The anguish of *mine*,
Thy heart, in its pity,
My fate would deplore!'

'Twas fearful to see
His wild, starting eyes;
The grief, and the horror,

Of his pale, wasted face:
And the many beheld
With silent surprise,
Nor forbade to the penitent
Traitor a place.

No bell proclaimed
The solemn time.
By the ancient church,
'Neath a dark, lone tree,
Where the skeleton forms
Of the wild briars climb,
By her Mother's grave,
Shall Anna's be!

'Tis o'er; to the earth,
To the cold, dull earth,
Must the maid be given,
In slow decay:
And the coffin cords
Are all drawn forth;
But Albert starts:
'Base men, away!

'What! would ye bury
My own in the ground?
Sweet Anna, they shall not
Part us now!

I loved and—I *murdered!*
And Hell's profound
Awaits who deceiveth
So fair as thou!

'Alas! thou art dead!
Thy merry voice,
Thy laughter, that told
The innocent mind,
My spirit no more,
No more may rejoice!
'Twas the song of the bird!
'Twas the summer wind!

''Tis winter around me,
And winter within;
But the spring cometh never
To gladden my gloom!
There 's a cloud o'er my heart;
'Tis the dwelling of Sin:
Oh, Death! I am weary!
I seek thee, oh, Tomb!'

He clasped Anna's coffin,
And called on her name;
Then up the dark heaven
How ardent his gaze!
'I cry to Thee, God!

In repentance and shame!
Forgive my offending;
Oh, teach me Thy ways!'

By force they removed him
Away from the dead:
They bore him afar;
But ever his wail
Back on the night air
Awfully sped,
Till, faint through the distance,
'Twas lost in the gale.

Anna, the cold sod
Resteth on thee!
The storm is abroad,
And swift falls the rain;
But vain will the raging
Of elements be,
For they shall not waken
Thy slumber again!

Months had gone by:
'Twas Autumn's bright eve;
I was passing, and turned
To visit her grave.
Above it, lank blades
Of grass interweave,

And o'er the *neglected*
The yew-branches wave.

'Poor Anna!' I sighed,
'In death, as in bloom,
But little affection,
Sweet maiden, thy lot:
And even thine Albert—
His vows at the tomb,
The love of his youth,
And his grief, hath forgot!

'But not undistinguished,
Though tearless, alas!
Shall be thy calm resting-place,
Lone on the green;
And wanderers shall see
Thy grave as they pass;
And bright flowers o'er thee
Shall tell, *thou hast been!*

'The gay birds of Summer
Their joy shall forget,
And sing from the yew-boughs
A song to deplore;
And when cold Winter cometh,
The sighing winds yet
Shall whisper thy beauty,
And grieve 'tis no more!'

UPWARD.

The days are gone, indeed, friend,
Of merry laugh and play,
But light, and love, and joy of youth
Should never pass away!
As in the winter gloom, friend,
We think of rosy Spring,
Till seems the earth as Eden bright,
And birds ascend, and sing;
So turns the sighing heart, friend,
From pain, regret and fears,
To revel in the happy time
Of boyhood's sunny years!

Oh! give thee not to grief, friend,
Nor bend thee to despair!
Look back upon thy Spring of life,
And see the promise there!
The buds of peerless beauty,
Oh! shall they never bloom?

Oh! shall their very hour of birth
Consign them to the tomb?
Ah, no! my heart exclaims, friend,
And many hearts unite,
Thou'lt flourish yet, the joy of Earth,
And win the Land of Light!

GREEN MOUNT CEMETERY.

"Dans cette demeure tranquille
Repose notre bon ami."

FLORIAN—ESTELLE.

THERE is a solemn beauty in the time
Of falling leaves, the days of sighing winds—
A pensive, solemn beauty, which the while
It charms the rover, tells him thus departs
Each glory, every pleasure of the world,
And even life itself.
'Tis afternoon:
Mid purple clouds and silver, slow declines
Toward the misty west the star of day.
I roam amid the mansions of the dead,
And silently and lone, with trembling thought

Secret conversing, and with earth and heaven.
Perchance, a little while, and I shall be
Cold in the lonely tomb, insensible
To Nature's voice, the music voice of love,
And all that now delights my glowing heart,
Like those who sleep around me in the grave.
Thus, even here, beneath the willow shade,
Reposes *one* I knew in infancy,*
And then and ever loved. Methinks I see
The friend of early days before me now!
WILLIAM, thy brow is fair and beautiful,
And thy free ringlets in the golden light
And breeze of even-time, float gracefully.
Thine eye hath laughter in it; a sweet smile
Dimples thy rosy cheek; and on thy lip
It sporteth wantonly, enamoured there.
Thy voice is melody, the melody
Of virtue, youth, and youthful happiness.
But no! 'tis all a dream, a fancy vain:
I see thee not—I may not see thee more!
My friend reposes from the war of life,
And Death doth guard his slumber!
Fare thee well!
Sleep gently in this bright and holy place,
With flowers, and trees, and waving grass around,
And songs of blithesome birds. Adieu, adieu!

* Lieutenant WILLIAM PAGE JONES, U. S. Army, son of the present Adjutant General of the Army.

ESTELLE.

My heart is sad and lonely now,
And all its hope is fled,
And oft I wish to slumber low
Among the silent dead!
Though smiles are bright around me still,
And song and dance are gay,
From looks of love, and scenes of mirth,
I turn with grief away!

I must remember thee, Estelle,
I must remember thee!
I hear thy voice of tenderness,
And still thy beauty see!
But soon a thought of anguish comes,
And chills my throbbing brow;
My eyes are full of tears, Estelle,
Another claims thee now!

Alas! my love was fond and true,
And all my spirit spoke;

But carelessly the chain of gold
A smiling traitor broke!
And wearily I droop alone,
And seek the peaceful tomb;
Though still a prayer for thee, Estelle,
Shall consecrate my gloom!

SEEMING.

Thou still art present! In the joy of day,
Thy smiling face pursues me everywhere,
And seems to glory in its power and will
To haunt me. In the solemn time of night,
Thou comest with the melancholy moon,
And then a tear steals down thy pallid cheek,
And thy lips quiver tremulously; yet
The same sweet smile is there, of virgin love,
Despair, and silent pleading.
Hence! away!
Thou art not what thou seemest. 'Tis a task
Woman can easily perform; to robe

Her countenance in sacred light, and take
Angelic grace in every look and movement,
And speak celestial harmony, and weep,
That scarcely Heaven itself would doubt her truth;
Yet all the while her soul is full of fraud,
And subtle poison, like the brilliant serpent,
Pleasing with soft insinuating charms,
Until it winds about the heart—to crush it!

ADVICE TO LOVERS.*

Come to me, ye tender lovers,
Ye who woo the cruel fair,
Venus hath revealed a secret,
Sure to calm your bosom's care,
This the measure; Beauty's pleasure
Thus your lonely hearts may share.

Kindness hath a voice angelic;
Oft appealing, sweet and mild,

* Suggested by a Poem, in *Lettres sur L'Italie, Tome II,* Published at Rome, 1792.

Never yet was heart of mortal
Heard the tone unreconciled ;
Strive to please, then, by degrees, then,
Beauty seems a simple child !

If, to all thy vows ungrateful,
Cold and pitiless she be ;
If her breast, with bronze defended,
Turn thy arrows back on thee ;
Still endeavor : never, never
True love owns despondency !

Praising still, and still amusing,
Ha ! the mighty change behold !
Now thy vows, by slow gradation,
Gentle mood and manner mould,
Till complying, fondly sighing,
Humbly bends the maiden bold !

Time, there's nought it cannot conquer :
Tigers will at last obey ;
Water, constant falling, softens,
Till it wears the rock away ;
No denial, steady trial,
Firm resolve, may ever stay !

These, perchance thou sayest, *differ*.
List :—the lily slumbers low,

Hidden in the earth it slumbers,
Till the weary seasons go,
That its splendor, sweetly tender,
Only few brief days may know!

Yes, the corn may spring and ripen,
Ripen by the lily's nest,
Ere its timid bloom may venture,
Stealing from its lonely rest;
Darkly sleeping, yet 'tis keeping
Valiant heart for time more blest!

Would the maid, when evening falleth,
On the flowery plain, defy
All thy boasted strength and lightness,
Promising to pass thee by?
Take the wager, swift engage her,
Start—and stop as suddenly!

Yield the race, and *thou* shalt conquer;
Then, amid her joy's excess,
Thou may'st dare, and boldly gather
Kisses full of happiness,
She contending, first defending,
Soon resisting less and less!

Yes, thou wilt at first demand them,
Then her pouting lips more free,

Seeming yet unwilling, offer,
Gentler, fonder offer thee,
Till thy rising hand despising,
Now she steals them forcibly!

Ever speak, be silent ever,
With a sweet and proper grace;
Let thy daring veil its actions
With a meek and timid face;
Love-tears calling, stop their falling,
Let them shine, but in their place.

Now what more? A loving sadness,
Softened look, to beg and bless,
Sigh and silence; these are nothing,
Nothing; but they may express
More than sages' noblest pages,
Winning woman's tenderness!

No! alas, the days are olden
Thus her bounty Beauty gave;
Now the world by gold is governed,
Venus is herself a slave!
Shame to Beauty; false to duty,
She is lost, and who can save?

Fair one, leave the shrine of Plutus,
Follow, Fair, the Sisters Nine;

Those who share their sacred favors,
Deem the most deserving thine;
Love the flowing verse, bestowing
Immortality divine!

Love sweet poesie: its music
Sounding through the world, shall be
Eloquent of praise and glory,
Winning hearts to love and thee!
Time will never dare to sever
Beauty's name from poesie!

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.

Away! away! Triumphant Time
Advances with a march sublime,
O'er breezy mount, and sunny plain,
From isle to isle along the main,
From clime to clime, where human race
Hath ever found a dwelling place;
And none there be, so strong and brave
To scorn his power, on land or wave!

He moves in majesty supreme,
But silent as an infant's dream.

Albeit Earth may never see
So grand a conqueror as he,
Round whose incomparable state
A million captives trembling wait,
The proudest kings, the wise, the fair,
The rich, the poor, submissive there,
Yet music's wild and warlike tone
The tyrant hero ne'er hath known ;
Io triumphe, shout, and song,
Ne'er greet him as he glides along.
Nor seeks he these ; but round his way
The nations crowd, and all obey,
All mingle with his mighty band,
And march—to what mysterious land ?

A cell for each, a gloomy cell !
Where serpents hiss, and spectres dwell,
Where never may the sunbeams fall,
Where love and friendship vainly call,
And Hope, who cheered the heart before,
May smile, and whisper joy, no more !

No more ? Yes, again shall sweet Freedom return,
And the star on her brow with a promise shall burn ;
A promise of life, where the triumph of Time
Will fade as a dream, with its wo and its crime,
And Eternity reign ! Thrice blessed are those
Whom the Monarch may crown, in the land of repose !

MY BONNY LASS.

'Tis vera true, my bonny lass,
I' this fair isle o' the sea,
That ither forms may thine surpass,
I' their beauty's witcherie,
An' ither voices hae a tone
Which my luve's may never be,
Yet thine can please, an' thine alone:
Oh, my bonny lass for me!

'Tis na the roses o' a cheek,
Or the splendor o' an e'e,
Which true affection's words may speak,
Wi' an angel's melodie;
But 'tis the virtue o' the heart,
An' the charm I find i' thee,
That luve's ain raptures can impart:
Oh, my bonny lass for me!

LOVE REVEALED.

Love in the eyes! 'Tis the dawning of love,
And a splendor, a glory, whose home is above!
The spirit awakes from its desolate dream,
With dancing and song, like the mirth of a stream,
When Spring in her triumph revisits the grove:
Love, love in the eyes! 'Tis the dawning of love!

Love in the cheek! And its varying rose
Each moment more pleasing, more heavenly glows,
Unfurling more delicate tints to the day
Than render Cashmere the sweet land of the lay!
And where for the flower, oh, where shall I rove,
That equals in beauty, love, innocent love!

Love in the heart! 'Tis a paradise fair,
And the pride and the promise of Heaven are there!
But love, like the dawn, the garden, and rose,
In darkness, and grief, and fading shall close:
Yet again will it live, in the bright clime above,
Forever, and ever, love, beautiful love!

MUSIC.

THE melody of other years!
Oh, sing it yet again,
And still once more, nor deem my tears
The messengers of pain;
For now my spirit weeps with joy,
As scenes of youth arise,
The mountains which I loved, a boy,
Vale, stream, and sunny skies!

I've wandered from my home afar
The sea and savage shore,
But first affections constant are,
And holy evermore;
Thus, when thy magic music tone
Gave back my youth to me,
I felt I was not all alone,
And wept with ecstacy!

I thank thee, minstrel, for thy song,
So eloquent and true,
That bade the hours I sighed for, throng,
With scenes my spring-time knew!

And Music! gentle spirit! thou
Shalt be forever blest;
Thy voice can cheer the gloomy brow,
And soothe the soul distressed!

MARY'S DEATH.

Sister, in thy heart's full truth,
In thy dawn of roseal youth,
When thy voice, thy sunny smile,
Told of hope, and joy the while;
Sister, ere thy breast could sigh,
Ere the shade of sin was known,
Upward, to the happy sky,
Hath thy gentle spirit flown!

We have wept, but now no more
Shall our lonely hearts deplore;
We have wept, but late to us
Came a spirit, whispering thus:
'Mary bids ye cease to grieve,
Angels are her sisters *there!*
Ask of God—ye shall receive,
All the bliss His children share!'

THE SYCAMORE.*

Emma. Remember, Charles, those merry days
We sported round the tree;
How blest the romping, laughing plays
Of rosy infancy!
Remember, here our father came,
And smiling shared the joyous game,
As glad, the while, as we!
Alas, those happy days are fled,
And he is silent with the dead!

Charles. Fair sister mine, the Sycamore
Is old and withered now,
And pale the leaves are trembling o'er
Each weak and silvery bough.
'Tis such a melancholy thing,
Among the fresh, green trees of Spring,
Sweet Emma, even thou
Can'st not its destiny recall:
And so the Sycamore must fall!

* Founded on an incident in a novel entitled "Ten Thousand a Year."

Emma. Charles! doth it not to thee appear
Our Mother, old and gray?
The young, wild trees that flourish here,
Her thronging children they?
And seems her age deformity,
A withered, useless thing, to thee,
My gentle brother, say?

Charles. Dear Emma, thou hast won! 'Tis o'er:
Ho! woodman, spare the Sycamore!

PAST AND PRESENT.

With nature I spoke,
And the zephyr's sweet sighing
The long silence broke,
As a voice of replying!

Though wandering alone,
Oh, I never was lonely;
The wild scenes my own,
I desired them only!

Few since are the years
That have fleetly departed,
Yet now falling tears
But proclaim the sad-hearted!

I wander the wood,
And I see the stream dancing,
Mid the green solitude,
Singing gaily, advancing;

While song of the bird
Sweetly answers that singing,
And mountains are heard
With the glad concert ringing:

These sights and these sounds
May no longer delight me,
No more my heart bounds,
Though as erst they invite me:

A dark form I see,
For Despair follows slowly;
'T will frown upon me,
Till my crushed heart lie lowly!

INEZ.

Soon, ah! very soon!
Perchance before the waning of a moon;
Ere the green fruit on the tree
Red and ripe may be—
Ere, perchance, the blushing rose
Fade where it proudly blows—
Thou wilt away!
Ah! how can I be gay,
When thus I meditate
Upon my rapidly advancing fate—
To dwell alone, alone—
When thou, my light, my happiness, art gone!
Gone! leaving me to moan
That aught so fair should e'er depart,
That still I live with sad and broken heart!
But oh, farewell!
My thoughts my verse hath not the power to tell;
Yet, yet those thoughts to friendship shall be true,
To Thee and Friendship! Maiden fair, adieu!

SONNETS.

THE LOVER.

I.

Oh thou, to whom my fondest dreams belong,
Through all the moving day, the resting night,
Whose love I feel in every tender song,
And read in every tale of "ladye bright;"
And see in all the beautiful around,
In sky of eve, and moon, and silver star,
And modest flowers, that deck the dewy ground,
Yet wear the tints the rainbow spreads afar—
Oh thou, to whom my life I dedicate,
To whom my soul hath sprung in many a kiss,
Once more, to cheer my drooping heart, relate
Thy sweet, true love! If sadder time than this
May ever come, 't will light the icy gloom,
As memory bids the spring in winter bloom!

II.

MY MOTHER.

The merry rain that falls at summer noon,
The rosy dawn, to traveller sad and lone,
And golden eve, and stars, and silvery moon,
Have beauty, and delight, and dulcet tone
Of music that revives the drooping heart,
And once again illumes the weary eyes;
But neither summer rain can e'er impart
So sweet a joy, nor morn or Even skies,
Or star, or moon, as doth a Mother's Love,
Remembered by her child in after years!
Oh! 'tis a bliss all earthly bliss above,
E'en though with sighs attended, and with tears!
My Mother! I have ever loved thee; now
That we are far apart, how holy seemest thou!

III.

"I LOVE THEE."

I LOVE thee! 'Tis a love of hope and fear,
A love that long hath dwelt within my heart,
Till now it hath become thereof a part;
A deep and strong affection, such as ne'er
My spirit dreamed before would enter here.
I seek thy happiness, and hence thou art
A blessed hope to me; and yet I start
When Fancy paints the future dark and drear!
But I will place my trust in Him above,
As thou dost ever: and imploring thus
A kind protection constant over us,
Live bravely on, for Heaven and thy sweet love!
Oh, yes! and e'en on earth our hearts shall feel
A ray of bliss, that Heaven will full reveal!

IV.

THE DEPARTURE.

They stand around him now to bid adieu,
They clasp his trembling hand, and fondly speak
Such words of hope as call within his cheek
Once more the warm, bright tint they love to view;
While former days their joyous hours renew,
And those to come his fancies ever seek,
In youthful trust. He turns; and there, with meek
And tearful eyes, "like violets dropping dew,"
The loved and lovely Isabel attends;
And o'er her cheek, and round her rosy lip,
The blush of pride with love's dear sunshine blends!
A long embrace; a kiss. The white-winged ship
Bears him away, across the dark sea's foam,
From waving arms, and prayers, and happy home!

V.

MY SISTER.

Summer and winter, with a smile and frown,
Summer and winter, oft and oft again,
Have come and gone, since thou went lingering down,
Sweet Sister mine, to gloomy Death's domain:
And I have wept most bitterly for thee,
Till Sorrow's fountain could no longer flow,
And a mysterious hope hath whispered me
That thou would'st yet return to soothe my wo.
The dream dissolved, and still a darker scene
Appeared the World, without thy gentle love,
Zahara's sand, and no oasis green,
And silence all around, and clouds above!
But now from Heaven thy angel smile doth shine,
To cheer my lowly home, and promise thine!

VI.

THE POOR.

Mournfully sounds the chilling Winter wind,
Swaying the leafless forest to and fro,
Alas! and fearfully it tells the mind
Of Want's pale face, weak limbs, and bitter wo;
While here, the sparkling fire, the curtained room,
The soft, warm carpet, rest-inviting chair,
And friends and books, defy the utmost gloom
Of snowy plains, and ice, and keen night air.
But yet we should reflect, the world is not
Alone confined within our peaceful home,
That many live with misery their lot,
And even now in tearful anguish roam!
Then let our task, Oh, Lord! and pleasure be,
Aiding the Poor, to render thanks to Thee!

VII.

"THE DARK AND STORMY DAYS."

The dark and stormy days have come once more,
Of Nature's fading bloom, but not to us
Are seasons sad, for Love can still restore
Bright sky and balmy breeze; and gently thus
Her magic hides the dreary scenes of life,
And gives the young, the gay, romantic Past,
Calling fair Hope, the while, whose pictures, rife
With peace and pleasure, rise around us fast,
Illumed with holy light! Yes, heart to heart
Shall still be fondly pressed, and both as one
Shall throb with high resolve, and bear the part
Decreed us, bravely, till our days be done.
Perchance not here may Love and Truth rejoice,
But, choosing these through life, Heaven will reward
our choice!

VIII.

"ONE YEAR AGO."

One year ago we spoke the words of love,
Binding our hearts, which only Death may sever;
Before the World, before the Power above,
Uniting life, through every change, forever!
Thus, hand in hand, we ventured forth, to try
The Earth's vast wilderness, with God our guide,
And fair Affection, who, with angel eye,
Doth cheer the scene, whatever ill betide.
Our way hath not been all of pleasantness,
Nor yet the cloud of grief could long prevail,
For Love from Heaven derives a power to bless,
And ne'er will she permit her votaries fail.
One year ago! And now, whate'er may be
The future's doom, praise, God of Love! to Thee!

THE END.

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